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— James Davidson

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me LXXIII, No. 19 February 3, 1961 Twenty-Five Cents

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Subscription 25¢ per year. Canada and foreign 30¢. Bundle orders, 10 or more copies, 1¢ per copy plus postage.

The Catholic Worker

39 Spring Street New York 12, N. Y.

Friday night meetings at 8:30.
January 27—Claire Bishop
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THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Drama Critic: RICHARD HAYES; *Movie Critic:* PHILIP T. HARTUNG; *Paris:* ROBERT BARRAT; *Rome:* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN; *Great Britain:* MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Orange, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at Orange, Conn. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly, except biweekly during July and August, at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N.Y. MUrray Hill 3-9685.

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U.S. and Canada, $8 a year. Foreign, $10. Single copies 25¢
Printed at the Wilson H. Lee Co., Orange, Conn.

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SEVENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE INAUGURATION: 1961

THE INAUGURATION of John F. Kennedy as thirty-fifth President of the United States will stand as one of the most dramatic political events of this century. Inaugurations are always highpoints of American political life, and each change of administration evokes and is marked by its own unique feeling or atmosphere. To consider only recent years, the passing of executive power from Hoover to Roosevelt, from Roosevelt to Truman, from Truman to Eisenhower was attended, in each instance, by feelings that are readily reawakened in recalling the inaugural event itself. In its own way and for quite different reasons each inauguration was memorable—and indicative of the years that were to follow.

In 1961, many things, significant and trivial, conspired to dramatize what already promised to be an exciting event. The youngest man elected to the Presidency was to replace the oldest man to serve as President. The change was not only a change of persons or a change of parties, but a change of generations. Although other men of Mr. Eisenhower's generation still hold the reins of power in countries around the globe, this American inaugural reminds us that their days of ruling are also numbered.

This contrast of generations was sharpened by Mr. Kennedy's appearance, even more youthful than his years, by a personal vigor and energy we are unaccustomed to see in leaders of nations. It is impossible not to speculate on the image that he and his wife must present to peoples around the world. Young and energetic, handsome, wealthy and dedicated, it would be easy to make them symbols of the American dream.

Further, few Americans watching the inauguration could have been wholly unconscious that they were watching the inauguration of the first Catholic to be elected to the White House. As such he served notice that, as a nation, we continue to mature politically, that we have attained a degree of unity that many would previously have underestimated.

ALL of these things and more—the cold and snow, the disrupted celebrations, the touching picture of Robert Frost reciting his poem, the Kennedy clan—added to the excitement of the occasion. But all were subsumed in President Kennedy's impressive inaugural address.

"Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans—born in this country, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage —and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world."

In this elevated language, with these ringing phrases, President Kennedy proclaimed the intentions of his Administration. More particularly, he pledged friendship and support to our allies, welcome and cooperation to new states, help to the struggling poor. He pledged our determination to strengthen the U.N. as well as the U.S., and to work for sound armaments control. He sounded a call to the "struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself."

The contrast between these words of President Kennedy and those we have been accustomed to hear could scarcely have been more marked. As Mr. Eisenhower retires to his role as private citizen it would be easy to give way to relaxed judgments, to let sentiment becloud our estimate of a man who may have given his best but whose best was fre-

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quently inadequate to the task. But if we are willing to grant that history must make the final judgment on Mr. Eisenhower's Administration, we can also say that John Kennedy has already contributed to that history.

He has recalled us to the best in our American tradition. He has reminded us of our forebears' belief that "the rights of man come not from the generosity of the State but from the hand of God," but also that "on earth God's work must truly be our own." He has reminded us that we cannot do without the moral virtues, but he has also reminded us, by precept and example, that they cannot take the place of political virtues. He holds forth the promise that the time of testing which is upon us may yet be met by greatness.

FOOD FOR THE CHINESE PEOPLE

EVIDENCE mounts that the people of China face a famine of major proportions. Banner headlines in official newspapers admitted as much in December. The news has since been corroborated. Peiping has announced a big shift in emphasis from heavy industrialization to agriculture in the months ahead. China is said to be buying wheat from Canada and Australia in an effort to meet the need.

Chinese authorities blame two successive years of natural calamities—floods, drought, typhoons, insects. That their drive to industrialize at any hazard should have had disastrous results for food production can hardly come as a surprise. The abundance of farm hands led them to neglect the sort of mechanization that would have increased production. They were in no position to suffer the calamities visited upon half their agricultural land.

The Soviet Union has its own crop failures to contend with; it is not capable of large enough grain shipments to meet the present emergency on the Chinese mainland. Probably only the United States and Canada have surplus stocks that are large enough to meet the need. But Communist China is America's avowed enemy. Does this necessarily rule out the possibility of rendering aid to the Chinese people in their hour of need? The onset of the new and imaginative Kennedy Administration would appear to make this an auspicious moment for examining such possibilities.

The arguments against adopting such a course are far from negligible. Doubtless the main worry would be that such aid would enable Communist China to resume at full steam the building of its formidable war machine. It might also tend tc lessen unrest among the people. It would seem tc indicate that expansionism and intransigence arc not necessarily penalized when an aggressive re- gime, precisely because it aims to subjugate others, fails to provide for its own people.

It seems to us that such arguments are not wholly compelling. Whether or not this country helps out in a temporary emergency now, the Chinese au- thorities are going to be forced to reorganize if they are to produce enough food for their steadily grow- ing population. Such relief shipments would not forward their arming and industrialization mate- rially in the long run. Recent history has shown that resistance to a tyrannical regime develops no so much from wholesale want and apathy as from higher living standards. The aid envisaged would not be to their government but directly to the Chi nese people.

Moreover, there are strong positive arguments in favor of such a step. Nothing could demonstrate more dramatically to the nations of the world tha Americans are wholeheartedly concerned about the well-being of other peoples regardless of their course in the cold war—especially since Commun ist China has just gone out of its way to gree President Kennedy and his Cabinet in the mos hostile terms. Feeding the hungry is a Christian imperative which knows no boundaries; it would seem to have application in this desperate case.

Perhaps a committee of neutrals headed by In dia could be charged with the distribution, perhap the International Red Cross or some non-politica U.N. agency. Individual Americans and privat agencies should have an opportunity to contribut toward this work of saving human lives. It migh well have little or no effect on the ambitions an obduracy of the Chinese Communist leaders, bu such a program of aiding the Chinese people i their hour of want would be consonant with Amer ica's loftiest ideals.

A SYMBOLIC STRIKE

EVERYONE is glad that the New York harbc strike was settled, especially with a settlemer described by Secretary of Labor Goldberg as "fai decent and honorable."

For the thirteen days that the strike lasted, th city of New York suffered increasingly serious dis ruption of its entire economic life, as one hundre thousand commuters were cut off from their job and as the city's supplies of fresh food and fue

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were more and more stringently curtailed. Toward the end of the strike the shut-down of the New York Central Railroad had extended its crippling effects hundreds of miles north and west, even as far as Chicago. And yet the cause of all this hardship, including the complete paralysis of two railroad systems, was a dispute over a handful of jobs by a union with a total membership of only 664.

Clearly, this was an intolerable situation, as so many commentators and editorialists have pointed out. But to say only that the situation was intolerable does not help very much in finding a solution to it.

First of all, it must be remembered that the tug strike was entirely legal and orderly, and came only after lengthy management-union negotiations in which both sides refused to yield on what they considered an all-important point. Secondly, the railroads were not, as many people seemed to believe, merely innocent bystanders in this dispute, and there was no question here of a secondary boycott. The railroads were and are the employers of the striking tug and ferry workers; they were and are "management." As for the honoring of picket lines by fellow union members who are not themselves on strike, this is a fundamental of union solidarity, without which no small union could ever hope to stand up to a huge corporation.

The chief issue in the New York strike was the right of management to abolish jobs and procedures it considers unnecessary. Although the number of jobs involved here was less than a hundred, the railroads thought the principle at stake so important that they were willing to risk a major strike rather than to surrender what they insist is their right. The union too—and with them the railroad brotherhoods—believed that the future consequences of yielding to the railroads on this point were great enough to warrant an extension of the harbor strike to a major railroad tie-up.

Thus the New York tug strike did not revolve around the fifty or sixty jobs that were technically at stake; it concerned the whole, hotly disputed issue of "featherbedding" in organized labor, and by extension the unsolved question of the impact of technology and automation on American society. In that sense, the tug workers' walkout was not a little strike but a big one, bearing on what is probably the largest and most pressing problem facing the national economy.

The settlement of the strike was made possible by the agreement to hold the principal issue in abeyance until next December, when a Presidential commission headed by former Secretary of Labor Mitchell will complete an exhaustive consideration of the entire problem of work rules and "featherbedding." This, by the way, is what the tug workers originally proposed, but the railroads were apparently fearful that such an agreement might suggest that they were relinquishing their right to make these decisions themselves. At any rate, the White House study which is being made represents a real hope of progress on a question which has too long been ignored or evaded.

Automation is coming, unquestionably, and the unions which are trying to block it are fighting a losing battle. But as automation will bring benefits, so too will it bring certain costs, and the costs must be shared along with the benefits. This is primarily what the unions are fighting for. Technological advances will obviously benefit management, the skilled workers who stay on at automated plants, and in one sense the consumer as well. But, union spokesmen ask, is the prosperity and well-being of the rest of us to be paid for solely by the suffering of the human beings whose jobs have suddenly become obsolete?

If the answer to this question is clearly no, then steps must be taken to work out the right answer—by the unions, by management, by society at large (whose problem this is), using the agency of government. The step already taken—the commissioning of the Mitchell study group—is a good one, albeit long overdue. And if the New York strike is to have any good effects, it will be in rousing Americans to a realization of the seriousness of this problem and of their own responsibility for the solution of it.

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE

WHAT WITH new frontiers and change on every side, it is comforting to be reminded that there are things in America which are as changeless and predictable as—well, as the Chamber of Commerce, say. Only this week, for instance, when the rest of the nation was letting itself be carried away by the excitement of the Kennedy Administration's fast start, the Council of State Chambers of Commerce in Washington issued its own kind of comment. The Chamberites carried out a big analysis of the budget submitted by President Eisenhower for fiscal '61 and of the plans and recommendations of various Kennedy Administration officials. And their conclusion? They said—surprise!—that the Eisenhower budget showed a much sounder approach to things.

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A PERSONAL NOTE

WITH THIS ISSUE, I begin my tenth year at The Commonweal. Nine years ago, in Chicago, I was asked if I'd care to come East to become managing editor. I made the move, but with trepidation as well as pride.

Ever since I was old enough to have any serious questions about life, The Commonweal had stood for something most important to me—call it a vision of Catholicism that is the opposite of the narrow, the parochial, the petty. I admired what people call "The Commonweal point of view," and I identified myself with it. The idea of having an active hand in the magazine was exciting.

At the same time I had qualms. It wasn't so much the prospect of packing up my family and moving off to a strange city. I had friends in New York, particularly John Cogley who was already at The Commonweal, and in any case moving across the country was becoming a national habit. Most of my fears, I think, stemmed from the awe with which I regarded The Commonweal. It is hard for someone who has read the magazine as a schoolboy to think of himself as one of the editors.

Fears or not, though, I did not hesitate too long. I won't say I have never regretted the move. Life is not always easy here. There have been periods when I felt I had little to say, and during these arid stretches I have often wished myself somewhere else—anywhere else, doing anything except writing editorials once a week. But if I had it to do over again, I think I'd make the same decision, and that's saying a good deal.

One thing I feel sure of: it would have given me pause if I had thought too much about the sheer volume of editorials I was going to write over the next nine years. Every Monday, barring sickness or summer vacations, each of us here writes editorials. Sometimes they come easy, sometimes they come hard; easy or hard, they have to be written and delivered to the printer by five o'clock.

Figuring it up recently, I found that I've written just short of 350,000 words of editorials in the last nine years. I know there are people who have written more, but this is the equivalent of half a dozen fair-sized books, written one day a week over this period. If I had thought in these terms when I was in Chicago, I might well have been intimidated.

I used to know a priest who thought The Commonweal went at this thing the wrong way. We should only write editorials, he said, if something of great moment came up, like the affair of the Puerto Rican bishops or the birth control-foreign aid controversy. Lacking such a big event, his notion was, we should simply print a note on the otherwise blank "Week by Week" pages explaining that nothing of lasting significance had happened this week.

The idea is attractive, and a certain logical case might be made for it. In theory, it would mean that every editorial would be written with fire and passion and carry with it the ring of deep conviction. But tempting as it is, I fear the idea is really not a good one. Without a deadline to meet, half the writers and editors I know would never get a word on paper. Tell them it is not absolutely essential for the printer to have the copy that night and they can't write. More important, the fact is that some of The Commonweal's best editorials—my own as well as other people's—have been written in weeks when the news seemed dull and on days when the writer started out convinced that he had nothing to say.

In some ways, although not in all, The Commonweal is a good place for a writer. Once we make sure we are in agreement on the position we will take on this or that, each editor is free to go about it in his own way—at least as long as he finishes on time. No one tells him what he must say or how he should say it. But there is something about the editorial form itself which gets burdensome, no matter how much freedom you have, or so I am finding it after nine years.

Writing an editorial, one speaks in the name of The Commonweal and all the editors, in the light of thirty-seven years of tradition. You say nothing you don't believe, of course, but the way you say it is unavoidably affected. The development is more thorough, the reasoning more careful, the expression more formal. After 350,000 editorial words, therefore, I am going to do what I have been tempted to do on many a Monday: give up writing editorials for a while. Instead I hope to carry my share of the Monday burden by writing a less formal, signed page in this space, one in which I will be speaking for myself without necessarily involving my colleagues.

The decision to begin my tenth year at The Commonweal by trying my hand at a column was made months ago. Now I regret only the coincidental fact that this column starts just when John Cogley has decided to discontinue the page he first began in 1951. At this point I would hesitate myself to say just how long I will stick to writing a weekly column. I'm sure it will not be for nine years; it may not even be for nine months. And no matter how long the column lasts, I'm sure there will be weeks when I will, following the advice of my priest-friend, decide there is nothing I want to write about. Most weeks, though, I hope to resist that temptation.

JAMES O'GARA.

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Scandal of New Orleans

Racist brutality had operated in furtive, effective ways long before the mobs formed on the street

by JAMES LAWRENCE

THE HAPPY image of New Orleans, the carefree Carnival City with its Old World charm, has been badly shattered. The Chamber of Commerce boast that "we have a good record of friendly race relations" had been repeated so often that even some of the native white people began to believe it. The Negroes have always known better. This has never been a happy city for Negroes, and today it is an unhappy city for everyone. More than that, the white problem, as Richard Wright always called it, has shifted from a local disgrace to a national and international scandal.

The current savagery of street mobs who are preventing both Negro and white children from attending school is noted with surprise and dismay by the nation's press. One might have expected this barbarism in the uncouth, bigoted, Anglo-Saxon villages that dot the rural Southeast. Behavioral expectations have always been higher for urbane, sophisticated New Orleans, with its cosmopolitan flavor and Latin culture. What most commentators fail to realize is that this racist brutality had been operating in furtive and effective ways long before the mobs formed on the street. The undercurrent of racial hatred has been swift and deadly for decades. Every decent citizen has been besmirched by it, but especially the handful of progressive, courageous citizens of both races who have made attempts to alleviate the problem.

The failure of responsible Southern leadership has been discussed in the pages of The Commonweal on several occasions. Most recently Mathew Ahmann deplored the now inactive Catholic Commission on Human Rights of New Orleans, and was saddened by the fact that Catholic interracial activity in the South has "all but come to a halt." The aggressiveness of the racists swept everything before it, by the kind of tactics to which decent democratic people cannot stoop: obscene phone calls, slashing of automobile tires, throwing garbage on front steps, poisoning of pets, steady economic reprisals, and actual physical assaults. The self-respecting American is disadvantaged in this regard. His values inhibit him from brawling in the gutter with racists. He withdraws from such vulgarity—and the gutter is possessed and ruled by the racist.

TYPICAL OF the subversive ideology that promotes this level of violence, all of it was cowardly, sneaky, anonymous, nighttime action. Now that racist hatred has been stripped naked in the city streets, and in the daytime, before T.V. cameras, the nation clucks its collective tongue in disapproval. How dreadfully immoral this is! How indecent! How unAmerican! *How unexpected!* I would not excuse this immorality, as Mayor Morrison does, by saying that a thousand mobsters are a minuscle percentage of the large New Orleans population. Nor would I agree that "agitators," from CORE to the federal courts, really precipitated these obscenities. Nor can the blame be laid solely at the door of a frenzied state legislature or of an indolent, incompetent Governor.

The immorality of racism has been with us always in New Orleans. There is little point at this late date in expressing surprise and discouragement—as all the commentators in press, pulpit, T.V. and radio around the country seem to be doing. What deserves comment now is not the immorality of the situation—we have been living with that a long time—but the dismal failure of planning for effective desegregation. Given the shameful, continuing fact of racist prejudice, not only here but everywhere in America, there is no genuine excuse for the stupidities exhibited by those who are officially charged with "handling the problem." On second thought, these errors of tactics and strategy are allied to morality. The expectation of moral behavior implies cooperative good will and sincerity—qualities that have been conspicuously absent in Southern officials.

James Lawrence is a pseudonym for a schoolteacher in New Orleans.

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IF AN EXPERT on social planning sat down to list the most ineffective ways to introduce school desegregation he would probably provide the exact outline that was followed in New Orleans. Everything went wrong from the beginning. Federal Judge Skelly Wright's order to the School Board to start integrating the first grade was a mistake. His postponement of the deadline from September to November was a further blunder. The way in which Superintendent Redmond used the seventeen-point "pupil-placement plan" was both a moral and a strategic error. The selection of only five Negro girls, and of only two public schools, and the location of these schools, all amplified the mistake.

Last year the Mayor personally prohibited the N.A.A.C.P. from holding a meeting at the Municipal Auditorium. On the night of Tuesday, November 15, the day after school desegregation was inaugurated, the rabble-rousing White Citizens Council was allowed to hold a mass meeting at the same auditorium. The subversive advice given to the grimfaced audience that night was the direct cause of the mob surging through the streets the next day, that had to be gently hosed down by the fire department.

The New Orleans Police Department, surprisingly enough, has been given wide praise for "doing its duty," even though its membership is reportedly ninety-nine per cent racist. The fact is that the police badly bungled their job. They allowed screaming crowds to gather in front of the two schools. They treated reporters and cameramen as "troublemakers." They stopped any man who wore a coat and tie as obviously an outsider who "does not belong here." Yet, up to this writing, they have not arrested a single one of the "cheer leaders," the "female hoodlums," as Inez Robb called them, "howling, cursing, spitting and clawing outside the William Frantz School." The police have not effectively protected either the person or the property of the few brave white parents who are trying to bring their children to school.

These post-mortems can be flippantly dismissed with the remark that "anyone can have hindsight." The fact is that expert scientific foresight was, and is, available for the asking in Louisiana. Social scientists, personnel specialists, social workers—some of the top talent in the State, people who have spent years in the technics and arts of human relations—could have helped the authorities to avoid all these blunders. As far as this writer can discover, not one of these specialists in human relations has been seriously consulted by the Mayor, the Police Department, the School Board or School Superintendent.

This failure to utilize the accumulated wisdom of professionals in the field of race relations is reflected also in the bewilderment and confusion of the City's religious leaders. Catholic, Protestant and Jewish clergymen have made both joint and separate statements on the immorality of racial segregation. More recently and repeatedly they have called for days of "prayer for peace." But what puzzles the sincerely religious laity is that racial segregation continues to be officially maintained in the very religious organizations that condemn it. "If this is immoral," they say, "why don't we stop doing it?"

THE RELIGIOUS leaders of all faiths in New Orleans cannot be charged with the ill-will and insincerity that characterize the public officials of the City and State. The manifest conclusion is that they know what to preach, but *they do not know what to do.* When they have financial problems they seek expert advice. When they plan a building program they call in the best architects. A golden opportunity for concrete action to improve race relations has existed here since the second World War. It has been frittered away through many errors of omission, through lack of planning and through amateur and stumbling attempts at planning.

The key to the whole racial problem here seems to be in the hands of the Catholic Church; and the inability to turn that key is a particularly poignant one. The decision to imitate public school desegregation—instead of setting the example by desegregating the Catholic school system—has resulted in mental and moral chaos among the people. White Catholic racists openly boast that "we have stopped the Archbishop." They take "credit" for the fact that His Excellency's forthright denunciations of sinful racial segregation have never been followed up by a workable, gradual plan for removing segregation from Catholic facilities. On at least two occasions identifiable white racists openly courted excommunication by interfering with the operation of a Catholic parish. Their success emboldened other Catholics to defy the moral teachings of the Church.

Among the five outstanding leaders of the White Citizens' Council in New Orleans, four are Catholics. They are not "renegade" Catholics. They are frequent communicants, products of Catholic high schools and colleges, send their children to parochial schools, are continuing personal friends of priests. They are the core of the white Catholic organization, now underground, that complained to the Holy See about the Archbishop's teaching on race, and that now claims a victory in having "silenced the Archbishop."

Every decent New Orleans citizen prays for the removal of prejudice from the hearts of people. But prayer and faith alone are not enough. The implementation of the law, the removal of external discrimination, requires intelligent, carefully planned and executed social action. The scandal of New Orleans lies in the utter neglect of this intelligent action.

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Cracks in Arab Unity

by JAMES DAVIDSON

ARAB UNITY, *El Weheda El Arabiya,* despite all the quarreling and disunity, is probably the most cherished ideal of the fifty million Arabs living between Libya on the west and Iraq on the east, between Syria in the north and Aden in the south. Holding the place of first and so far only practical step toward unity is Gamal Abdul Nasser's United Arab Republic. What happens in the U.A.R. therefore holds importance far beyond the Republic's frontiers. And from one region of the U.A.R., the Syrian Region, come reports of severe economic hardships and political unrest. Is Gamal Abdul Nasser's *El Weheda El Arabiya*—and all it means to the Arabs—heading for the rocks in Syria?

Nearly three years have gone by since Syria and Egypt united (the date was February 5, 1958), and the economic and political difficulties have been piling up. Syrian agriculture (which supplies fifty per cent of the national income and employs seventy-five per cent of the population) is down in income by twenty-five per cent since the union. Exports are two-thirds of what they were in 1957 and the National debt has risen by L.S. 140 million. Gold and foreign exchange holdings have dropped from $62 million in 1956 to $25 million at the end of 1959 and, as a result of another bad grain crop, they have dropped even further since, requiring foreign exchange loans and transfers from Egypt.

Syria's troubles haven't been restricted to economics, either. Politically, Syria's Ba'ath (socialist) Party, which drummed hardest for the Union back in 1957 and 1958, is not only out of the government but disgruntled as well. The Communists, led by their exiled leader Khaled Bakdash, are four-square against Nasser and the Union. And joining this Leftist crowd are the landowners and merchants who have suffered by the Union's economic controls and land reform.

As a result of this political turmoil, two crises have flared up in the Syrian Region of the United Arab Republic. The first of these occurred when Nasser's Egyptian-styled land reform was imposed on Syria. In contrast to Egypt's majority of downtrodden peasants, Syrian landowners, merchants and traders are aggressive, powerful and politically active, with good backing in all walks of life, including the army. Syria just couldn't swallow land reform and trade restrictions at the rate they were being applied, regardless of the imperialists, Zionists and all other "enemies of the Arabs" the Arab government normally marshals as the reason for imposing restrictions. The second and most recent flareup occurred in September—this time between Syria's military leader, Col. Abdul Hamid Serraj and Field Marshal Amer. Taking the Leftist view this time that more government controls are called for (he agreed with Amer's concessions to the Right a year ago), Serraj is now said to have clashed with Amer. The dispute was brought to Nasser in Cairo before the President went to New York, and Syrian army man Serraj is reported to have won out.

The cycle now seems to have made its full turn with Serraj of the army opposing Amer on future concessions to the Right after holding opposite views a year ago. His clash with Amer was reported to have been over stepping up the land reform again. Nasser has now boosted him from Interior Minister to Chairman of Syria's Executive Council, and he is now as close to being a Prime Minister as any Syrian can be. Everyone is now expecting more controls, more socialism, more land reform, things Syrian Rightists are not expected to take lying down. Whether they can buck Serraj, the army and Nasser, however, is something Middle East experts will be watching in the coming months.

THE CAUSES of Syrian discontent remain, always capable of developing into a tidal wave that could sweep the United Arab Republic, and the ideal of "El Weheda" into the history books. The main cause of Syrian discontent is bad luck with the weather. Nearly all Syrian (as well as Lebanese, Jordanian and Israeli) agriculture depends on rain, which tends to be scarce one year in three. The last three, however—the years coinciding with the Egyptian-Syrian union—have been dry, and Syria, normally a grain exporter (a million tons a year), will this year have to import half a million tons, an amount equal to its own yearly grain consumption. World prices for Syria's main export crops—wheat, barley and cotton—have also been bad (with the exception of this year's cotton prices).

To pay for its military and economic development equipment (mainly Communist-supplied), as well as its

Mr. Davidson, a previous contributor, is an American correspondent in the Middle East.

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usual imports, Syria had to lodge foreign exchange deficits of about L.S. 300 million in 1958 and again in 1959. The supply of currency rose by forty per cent between 1958 and 1959, making the danger of inflation serious. A let-up in the drought as well as an improvement in Syria's trading position will have to come before the United Arab Republic has smooth sailing in the Syrian Region.

The United States has never been popular in Syria. Ever since our backing of Israel, Syrian nationalists have had a bitter attitude toward American policies. Syrian politicians have often been accused of becoming pro-Soviet—even handing Syrian over to the Reds—because of their bitterness toward this country. Until a few months ago, they never accepted American aid, and they even rejected a World Bank Loan because of its "imperialist" associations.

For some months now, however, American involvement in Syria has been growing. Fifty million dollars in loans and grants have been given since last November, mostly in the form of wheat that is sold for local currency and then used for economic development loans. Because of Syria's grain crisis, the American wheat is timely aid indeed.

The Russians' gave Syria a $150 million loan (at two and a half per cent interest) for industrial development back in 1957. They have also given Syria between $150 and $200 million in military assistance, probably on long-term credit. Syrian planning Minister Nur el Din Kahala just recently returned from Russia, where he was supposed to speed up the use of Russia's credits. After big newspaper splashes these Russian aid offers have a way of lingering on for months and even years before being actually used.

Nasser and his aides seem determined to push economic development forward in Syria as they have done in Egypt. There is a Ten Year Development Plan (1957-1967) calling for L.S. 4.5 billion, fifty per cent of that in foreign exchange. Big reclamation and irrigation schemes dominate the plan because of Syria's great agricultural potentialities. Twenty-seven per cent of the arable land is to be put under irrigation instead of the present seven per cent. "We are tired of hanging from the skies," a passionately nationalistic young Damascus University student told this reporter. The Ten Year Plan will raise the agricultural production (which supplies fifty per cent of the National Income and eighty-five per cent of the foreign exchange) almost fifty per cent.

The Syrians' fell forty per cent short on their planned economic development expenditures last year and nearly the same is expected this year. They have lots of determination and enthusiasm but not so much money. The drought and price slump can't go on forever, however, as the cotton price jump in 1960 testifies.

Gamal Abdul Nasser's United Arab Republic is far from foundering. But when Arab historians look back on this, they are sure to label it as one of the roughest and most dangerous periods "El Weheda El Arabiya" ever went through.

AN AMERICAN ABROAD

A Cultural Smorrebrod

by ROBERT LEKACHMAN

THE DANES call their delectable assortment of openfaced sandwiches smorrebrod, and resent any confusion with Swedish smorgasbord. A platter of these sandwiches makes an excellent lunch, and a challenging prelude to a dinner. The ingredients—shrimp, salmon, herring, ham, salami, and sausage among many others—are splendid, the variety is wide, and the effect on those who fail to restrain themselves is somewhat stupefying. Accompanied by aquavit and the excellent Carlsberg or Tuborg beer, such a repast is guaranteed to paralyze the higher cerebral centers for some hours.

Mr. Lekachman, who has previously contributed to The Commonweal, is on the faculty at Barnard.

The occasion for these gluttonous reflections is the memory of a conference sponsored by the European Cultural Foundation, which I attended last October. A relatively new organization, under European rather than American auspices, the European Cultural Foundation enjoys the personal patronage of Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands; the intellectual guidance of Henri Brugmans and Denis de Rougemont, the first the distinguished Rector of the Collège d'Europe and the second the versatile author of *Love in the Western World* and *The Devil's Share;* and the financial support of a large number of German, Dutch, Belgian and English businessmen. In the words of Prince Bernhard, ". . . the chief aim of the Foundation is to

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collect funds from which to aid and stimulate European culture."

And how is so unexceptionable an aim to be achieved? The apparent answer thus far is the annual cultural congress which appears to serve the double purpose of demonstrating the condition of European culture and of raising funds, partly no doubt to support more congresses. At any rate, the organization has financed meetings first in Amsterdam, next in Milan, then in Vienna, and last year in Copenhagen.

Now it is one of the problems of all kinds of conferences to identify some worthy subject to talk about, lest the sinful desire of the participants to see the sights of a strange European capital convert a serious occasion into a vacation at some one else's expense. If, moreover, the participants are varied in nationality, age, language, status, and occupation, the comforting scholarly similarities that aid the program-making of an historical, linguistic, or economic gathering are absent. What common intellectual skill or training could be possessed by the students of the Collège d'Europe, assorted faculty folk from European universities, stray businessmen and lawyers, Swedish bankers, Danish historians of science, French school administrators, and Belgian newspapermen? Nor did it really diminish the confusion to stir in briskly twenty-five Americans who included in their number officers of foundations, university administrators, college teachers, a partner of Sullivan & Cromwell, and even a public relations specialist.

How could such an assortment of souls find any common subject of importance to discuss? What effects could a week of exposure to each other—filtered through a simultaneous translation system of uncertain efficacy—have upon the participants? Did the meetings aid to or subtract from the mutual misunderstandings of Americans and Europeans? After a week of such discourse could one claim to be wiser or only heavier?

MY ANSWERS to these questions are highly tentative. Nevertheless I should like to state them in the shape of a few general, rather tendentious observations. If a large, intelligent group shares neither a single specialty nor a single language, only very general, untechnical subjects stand much chance of appealing to everybody. Making a virtue of this necessity, the organizers of the meetings selected two global themes: the split between the humanistic and the scientific cultures, to employ the terminology C. P. Snow has made familiar; and the cultural relationships between the United States and Western Europe.

At least tangentially, most of the papers alluded to one or the other of these two major topics. August Heckscher's "The Roots of Science"; Norman Collins' "The Rift between the Two Cultures: Humanistic and Scientific"; Niels Bohr's moving "The Unity of Human Knowledge"; and Denis de Rougement's literary excursus "Culture et Technique," all dealt after some fashion with the gulf alleged to exist between those learned in literature, history, art, and philosophy, and those trained in the new mathematics and physics. Save for Niels Bohr, the speakers were humanists rather than scientists. And with the same exception, they tended to accept Snow's dichotomy. The social sciences—neither pure science nor pure humanity—tended to vanish. And little was said of likelier but less spectacular hypotheses which emphasied the mixed nature of many subjects Economics, for example, at one extreme is applied mathematics, and, at the other, a branch of the history of ideas.

But I do not intend to summarize papers which, with all due respect to their authors, scarcely amounted to major advances in human insight or important additions to human knowledge. Nor did their writers aim so high. All of the authors were aware that their audience was wildly mixed and that only a small portion possessed expert knowledge of a given speaker's field. In fact, the mixture of the audience was a major reason why the conference was interesting. To this American at least, the major illuminations of the meetings were sociological rather than intellectual. Above all they concern the European idea of America and the American idea of Europe.

WHAT is the picture of America in the minds of cultivated, comparatively pro-American Europeans? In its main outlines it draws heavily upon American popular sociology. After David Riesman, the American is other directed! After W. H. Whyte Jr., he is desperately devoted to organizational life at work and at play. After Vance Packard, he is afflicted by hidden persuaders, and driven by relentless aspirations to higher and higher status.

The American's schools are exercises in socialization rather than preparation for the intellectual life. What is good in his culture derives from European artistic, musical, and literary models. The American's kitsch is all his own. American scholars are slaves to quantitative investigation and neglect whatever fails to submit to the questionnaire and the calculator. And the typical American scholar, as a French economic historian complained, never cites French sources. (As a fellow American economist noted privately, one reason why American economists fail to quote French colleagues is that little has happened in French economics since the Physiocrats. His conclusion only slightly exaggerates the actual case.)

Finally, Americans have no philosophy, offering the ersatz of pragmatism. Indeed, the discussion of the first two days hinged on this word, which was prominent in a paper on the American economy presented by

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Walter Adams of the University of Michigan. This paper devoted itself to the entirely defensible proposition that practical exigency rather than ideological imperative has explained American reactions to economic problems and American institutional adaptations to new circumstances. The notion, nevertheless, offended a good many Europeans.

For what it is worth, few of these judgments were ill-tempered. No European listed them all at once as counts in an indictment. Much courteous praise and some knowledgeable appreciation of other sides of American life were also to be heard. Nevertheless, the impact was mildly depressing.

So many of the Europeans were happy to identify American clay feet. So few of them were selective and discriminating in their use of evidence. None seemed aware that Vance Packard is a somewhat sensational popular journalist, the owner of an apparently infallible recipe for making Americans' flesh creep at their own expense. Few appreciated Riesman's somewhat mixed reputation among academic sociologists, and Whyte's more respectable, but still journalistic background.

Little was said by the critics of American education about the class drawbacks attendant upon the intellectual advantages of European-style secondary school training. The scholars conveniently ignored American scholarly leadership in a great many intellectual fields, from the sciences to philology, and the unpleasant but obtrusive fact that the much ridiculed American graduate school trained these leaders. No doubt American schools at all levels also try to teach too many dullards. Somehow it seems a more amiable mistake than the exclusion of talented children from opportunities which they yearn to grasp.

LET ME reverse the coin and speak briefly about impression made upon Americans, or, at least, upon one American by this assemblage of Europeans. To begin with, Denis de Rougemont, Henri Brugmans, and Paolo Milano fulfilled in style, elegance, speech, and culture the highest expectations of any American admirer of European education and culture. They moved with casual ease from one language to another—English to French, French to German, Dutch to English, and so on—apologizing flawlessly in each tongue for invisible deficiencies in expression. Just as easily, they moved about in the cultures of Europe and the United States. I can think of few Americans who might have done as well. I have no doubt that early and severe intellectual discipline, joined to high natural talent, is the prerequisite to the production of the superb human specimens who moved so glitteringly among us.

There were other admirable types as well, for example the Danish historian of science who began his career as a pure scientist, shifted to the study of Roman paleography, and presumably terminated his intellectual odyssey in his present specialty which gratifies all his tastes. A word should be paid also in praise of a pair of English Oxford or Cambridge students who made the sort of poised, witty comments which few American undergraduates, or, indeed, graduate students could match.

So much for the good side of European education and training, as they manifested themselves on this occasion. There is a weak side also, and it is most striking when comparisons of American and European academics are made. As a practicing Anglophile and Francophile, I was entirely prepared to find all members of European faculties entirely dazzling and all my fellow American academics dull fellows. This simply was not the case.

Within their own fields, the Americans seemed to be considerably more scholarly than their European colleagues. They were more familiar with the materials of their subject, more completely abreast of the latest research results, and better able to manipulate the best techniques available. Nor, by and large, had they sacrificed to their specialties the normal interests of a cultivated person. On those remote American campuses—Michigan, Colgate, Skidmore, and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute—which arouse European pity, they managed to read the books and listen to the music which provincial dwellers in the metropolis frequently consider the monopoly of London, Paris, and New York.

At its best, no doubt, European university training creates admirable men of culture, but anything less than that best appears to have a tendency toward the vaporous, toward the production of hot air rather than of intellectual light. At worst, the American has a trade—economics, art, history, sociology, musicology, or whatever.

Another comparison also favors the Americans. In format, the conference introduced each session with a prepared paper, followed by two or more hours of general discussion by the seventy-five or so participants. Far too many of the Europeans spent the thirty to sixty minutes during which the speaker read his paper in the drafting of a set of comments. During the discussion period, the proud author of these comments would read them for ten, twenty, or even thirty minutes. At worst, another European goaded to competition might follow with an even more expansive effort. In effect, the Europeans spent their time making additional speeches, not always relevant to the paper, rather than engaging in informal discussion designed to modify each other's positions and improve each other's understanding.

One should be fair. Probably American and European conceptions of discussion differ, just as American

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and European notions of formality fail to coincide. Moreover, by the closing days a number of Americans had caught the habit and were themselves reading off screeds composed for the occasion. Nevertheless, on the whole, the American participants remained true to the notion that a discussion should consist of extemporaneous comment, as much addressed to other discussants as to the author of the formal paper. In the pursuit of this ideal, the American contingent demonstrated considerable adeptness and alertness, and, it is accurate to add, a considerably superior sense of relevance.

The conference was also a social event after a fashion novel to most of the Americans. Lord Rennell of Rodd (whose family property, an appropriately awed fellow-Englishman informed me, appeared originally in the Domesday Book) served as chairman of many of the meetings. He also entertained at a very superior cocktail party in a suite of Copenhagen's best hotel. The guest list included a good many of the capital's leading citizens and probably most of its richest businessmen. The Carlsberg Breweries, which use much of their profits to support Danish cultural life, extended their hospitality at a massive reception, attended by a similar group. On the last evening of the meetings, the Danish Prime Minister, the Mayor of Copenhagen, and Prince Bernhard presided over a reception in the town hall, a building which bears an unfortunate resemblance to Grand Central Terminal. Clearly some European businessmen combine culture with relaxation in the more pleasant capitals of Europe. One suspects that a few business deals were closed, that a few academics found job leads, and that a little cultural trading took place.

WAS THE conference a "good thing"? Certainly it is hard for any academic to oppose a pleasant week or ten days in an appealing foreign city, at someone else's expense, especially when the interlude marks a break in the usual academic semester. But since the world is not organized (more's the pity) for the comfort of university professors, harder criteria should be applied.

Was the conference worthwhile intellectually? Here an accurate answer is more difficult. Certainly as an economist, I learned nothing new about economics. I heard rather little that was striking even outside of my own subject. I am reasonably confident that the historians, sociologists, and littérateurs came to similar conclusions. In large part, the conferenciers traded the stock generalizations of their varied subjects. While they did no damage, they struck very few intellectual lights.

Nevertheless, the meetings had their points. What after all should be the purpose of a cultural or academic meeting? No one need really attend a conference in order to hear papers. Most speakers are dull. Most conference chairs are uncomfortable. The papers can be read in greater comfort in the privacy of the home, in full exercise of skipping and omitting privileges which common courtesy denies to the physically present at conferences. What a conference can do is to alter opinions of people, essentially other members of the gathering. If the gathering is varied and representative and the participants intelligently articulate, such alterations are worth the making.

I think that I have made it clear that some of my own general impressions of European culture and education were moderated by this experience. It may well be that similar amendments were made by others in attendance, European as well as American. In short, I conclude fairly temperately that the assorted delights of October in Denmark—intellectual, cultural, social, scenic, and sociological—justified the holding of the European Cultural Foundation's meetings. And if fate calls me to the next meetings in Lisbon, I shall cheerfully accept my destiny.

FOR THE FEAST OF SAINT BRIGID

In February falls the feast of Brigid.
Brigid of Ireland, have a care for your own.
We have no flocks and we have no dairy,
and the green land you knew we scarcely have known,
but where you are now, have a care for us.

We have not felt beneath our fingers
the warm milk running in silken streams.
We have not worked butter and watched it coming
in flecks of gold and feathery gleams.
By all we have missed have a care for us.

Distant and dim is the drift of your story,
but when the cloud lifts we see you tread
the bright green hills with your cattle. Glory
over the old, good ways you shed
even now far away in your care for us.

We have forgotten the simple bidding:
the latch unlatched and the open door,
the table spread for the wandering stranger,
a place of rest for the homeless poor,
and we being poor need your care of us.

Brigid of Ireland, have a care for your own.
Spread out your cloak that was large as a county.
gather the poor and the frightened beneath it.
Teach us the ways of your beautiful bounty,
and where you are now have a care for us.

SISTER MARIS STELLA.

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THIRTY AND ALL THAT

THE FIRST of these one-page essays appeared early in 1951. This will be the last. Every man has only a few decades of active work, and I will have to leave what rests in the bound volumes of The Commonweal as a record of my thinking from the early days of the frantic fifties to the beginning of the Kennedy years. I do not have enough stamina, or maybe the word is humility, to go back and read them all. I rather hope that no one else does, either. Many of them were written in undue haste. Some were done without sufficient thought. All of them, I am only too well aware, could stand re-working. But, alas, the record is there in cold type and there is nothing I can do about it now.

All this might sound like the farewell words of a man about to retire, but I am not expecting my gold watch just yet. In fact, with all the talk about Senator Kennedy's youth and vigor, people of my vintage have been given a new lease on life; just when we were beginning to accept the depressing realization that middle age had set in, along came John F. Kennedy and the good news that people of his years, and ours, were barely dry behind the ears. Though I supported the Kennedy campaign wholeheartedly, the more I listened to the charge that his years were too tender for the job he sought, the better I felt. Even now, with the newsmen turning to words like "vigor," "enthusiasm," and "vitality," the morning papers are a tonic.

No, this is no retirement speech. I am both too young and too old to give up my typewriter just yet. What has happened is that I realize that the time has come to move over and let some fresher voice be heard from this particular pulpit.

I do not know who my successor will be, but I can tell him that he will have an attentive, intelligent congregation, the kind most idea-journalists long for. I can also tell him that they are a varied lot, ranging from cloistered nuns to hard-boiled newspaper editors, and very demanding; he will do well if he pleases even some of them some of the time.

But I hope my successor won't be unduly shy about expressing even questionable opinions, for a journal of opinion should above all express opinions and when The Commonweal no longer arouses opposition the editors can be quite sure they are not doing their work very well.

The Commonweal has a unique role to play in American journalism. I feel honored to have had a share in its history. As a forum for the expression of a "liberal" view which is rooted in Catholic soil, the journal has at times been almost alone in bridging the gap between two important American communities that have not always understood each other. It is probably inevitable, then, that it should be regarded with a measure of suspicion both by defensive Catholics and aggressive liberals, the one sniffing for "heresy," the other for "obscurantism."

The place of The Commonweal in the Catholic press is just as significant. As a magazine without official standing, unfettered by the claim that it is speaking for the Church, it should always be a little ahead, a little experimental, more critical, more speculative than the "official" Catholic press can afford to be. It should be forever raising new issues, asking embarrassing questions, goading the Catholic community, both clergy and laity, to face up to their social, political, cultural, and, yes, theological problems.

At least that is what I have felt was the charge given to the proprietor of this space. That is why there has been an emphasis over the years on such matters as civil liberties, liturgical reforms, the Church-State problem, interfaith relations, the religious press, the intellectual life, the morality of nuclear war, academic freedom, political realism, the theological lag, the role of the laity in the Church and of the Catholic in a pluralistic society. If the emphasis on such questions has at times seemed excessive and even boring, it was because I was too earnest in the conviction that these were the problems to be faced in the fifties, as the "social question" was *the* question of the thirties and forties.

This column has always elicited its full share of mail. I have been overly praised for things I said by people who were simply happy to hear them said and unjustly denounced for saying things I did not say by others who, perversely, seemed to want their "enemies" to fit a stereotype. Often I have been justly criticized for saying what I did say, too, and there was the usual quota of letters that begin, "As a long-time reader, I can not tell you how disappointed I was when you wrote that. . . ." But all letters were happily received and eagerly read.

All in all, it has been an interesting, challenging and rewarding assignment.

Now there is nothing left but to wish my successor well and pass out some thank-yous. First, to the editors, for the complete liberty I have always had to write as I pleased; then, to the readers who have been patient even when they were not approving, and to the column's critics, who have goaded the goader; finally, to those keepers of other columns who have taken up ideas suggested here, developed them, and made something of them—to all, my thanks.

JOHN COGLEY.

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"Liberal-Conservative Debate"

ED. NOTE: In the December 16th issue, under the general title "The Catholic in the Modern World," William F. Buckley, Jr. set forth "A Conservative View" and William Clancy "A Liberal View." Letters on the two articles appeared in the January 13th issue. Rejoinders by Mr. Buckley and Mr. Clancy follow.

New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: I write not to put in the last word, but to raise 1) a point of order, 2) a point of personal privilege, and 3) to dissipate (if I can) a misunderstanding for which either I am responsible, or some of your correspondents. Let us say I am responsible, to get off to a good start.

1) It is really not my fault if I failed to present and defend a concrete political program, if I neglected, in the words (not altogether clear) of one of your disappointees, to "reveal" "a clear statement" "on Catholics and the modern world." My task (like Mr. Clancy's) was to put together the first of three lectures. The first was meant to give some of the background for what was to come. I am not saying that in the ensuing lectures I "revealed" the true conservative position, but I do remember that in my second lecture I confessed my satisfaction with the broad statement of political principles promulgated by the Catholic Bishops a few days before at their annual meeting, and theirs was, I think, a very clear, and very "conservative" statement. I am, then, if only inferentially, a Catholic conservative, but this concededly has nothing at all to do with whether I am

2) a gentleman: which, writes Monsignor John P. Monaghan, I am not, as witness my criticisms of Miss Dorothy Day. I dislike to argue with Monsignor Monaghan, because my instinct is that no gentleman defends himself against the charge that he is not a gentleman. But Monsignor Monaghan has made his charge publicly, and I should hate for the careless reader to conclude that to criticize the doctrines of Miss Day is to forfeit one's patent of gentility. Note I say "to criticize the doctrines of Miss Day"—for that is all I did. The only reference I made to Miss Day herself was that she is "goodhearted", which heaven knows she is. For I was not discussing her heart, but her political thought. Let those who defend her thought undertake to reject much that is important in recent papal literature, for instance strictures by Pius XII on Communism, united frontism, and pacifism. I shall not take your valuable space to document the contradiction between Miss Day's line and the Holy Father's, nor even to describe the efforts of members of the American Catholic hierarchy to disavow the Catholicity of many of Miss Day's doctrines—to do all that for Monsignor Monaghan, who is trained in research, would be presumptuous. However, since I have been relieved of the obligations of gentility, I venture to point out to the Monsignor that in his ardor, he failed to observe the rules of logic, as unbecoming in a Ph D. as in a Litt. D., both of which honors the Right Reverend Monsignor enjoys, in addition to his gentility, a precious asset, when one reflects on how easily one is deprived of it these days. . . . In the first letter in your spread on my debate with Mr. Clancy it is said I am no gentleman, and I suppose I have just finished proving just that. Eight letters later, at the end of the spread, the Dean of the Law School of Catholic University says I have no heart. Again I must prove myself guilty, this time by confessing I do not have the heart to analyze Dean Miller's letter publicly.

And finally, 3), the question arose whether Mr. Clancy and I were debating about anything at all. You devote over a page to an interesting and fluent letter by a Mr. Douglas J. Stewart, who writes with the aplomb of a very young man (which no doubt he is), a breed which notoriously looks down upon the limited horizons of lesser men. Speaking for the lesser men, let me say I agree with Mr. Stewart that History is not at the disposal of the liberal or the conservative polemicist. So strongly do I feel on the matter that I have consistently refused to coopt "history" in behalf of my proximate causes ("a gallant forfeiture in a conservative," Murray Kempton once twitted me in a review of one of my books). By the same token I resist its being done by those who will appear before Catholic audiences and reveal that history's end was the minimum wage law, or some such thing. It is such asseverations as these that prompted me, in self-defense, to refer, e.g., to the recent scholarship (of which Mr. Stewart is evidently unaware) of Professor Raymond de Roover on the subject of the just price.

So I regret the posturing of Mr. Stewart, his dismissal of the subject that engages Mr. Clancy and me and a million others, done with the patronizing smile of the man who feels that the Very Profound are only engrossed by very ancient disputes, that everything that came later than, say, the disputes between the sophists and the epicureans, is supererogatory, and too complicated, and just a matter of degree. It happens that our society is ruled by people, people like Senator Eugene McCarthy and Senator Pat McCarran; that

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these two men's views on matters of public policy are observably and significantly different; that both men were baptized Catholics; and that tomorrow's world will reflect today's resolution, or accomodation, between the two schools of thought loosely, but not meaninglessly, described as liberal and conservative. To make, or even adumbrate, that point, I am prepared, as I expect Mr. Clancy is, to run the risk of boring young pedants. WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: I have no wish to use the pages of The Commonweal to prolong my debate with Mr. William F. Buckley. I do think, however, that I should comment on the strange letter from Mr. Douglas Stewart, published in your January 13 issue. The letter is strange in this: at considerable length, and with impressive erudition, Mr. Stewart completely misses the central point of my opening statement in the debate. And not only does he miss my central point, he quite thoroughly distorts it.

Mr. Stewart objects to the very idea of a debate between Catholics in which the terms "liberal" and "conservative" are accepted as real definitions of opposing positions. He writes: "Catholic thought and effort is [*sic*], first of all, not to be herded into two opposing corrals." He thus insists that any effort to polarize Catholic thought in "liberal" and "conservative" categories represents a gross simplification—a disservice to the complexity both of truth and of the historical moment.

Obviously, I agree. At the beginning of my statement I said this: "The 'liberal' and 'conservative' question is not one defined by . . . easy labeling and categorizing. . . . It is a question that cannot be profitably discussed in Mr. Buckley's terms of easy blacks and whites, of 'angels' and 'devils.' The question of the Catholic in the modern world, of what the attitude of the Catholic should be toward problems of the modern world, is not a simple conservative question of rejecting the modern world or a simple liberal question of embracing the modern world—although, in the course of polemics, the question sometimes is reduced to this. . . . It is rather the complex, serious and history-laden question of the general *approach* of Catholics to the modern world. It is a question of attitude."

And here, I repeat, in the area of attitude rather than of doctrine, the terms "liberal" and "conservative" do assume meaning—"at least as descriptions." It was from this standpoint that I considered them in the debate.

Now, I admit that even on this level—the level of attitude and description rather than of doctrine and definition—the terms "liberal" and "conservative" are unsatisfactory. Indeed, part of my basic quarrel with Mr. Buckley is the fact that he takes them seriously as eternal prototypes. I hope that one result of my debates with Mr. Buckley might be to help free us from descriptions which, inevitably, cause more confusion than clarification, and help us to find better ones. But, in the meantime, we are stuck with the "liberal" and "conservative" labels, and the labels *do* correspond to real differences in the attitudes of Catholics toward the modern world. Perhaps it would be better to call the two attitudes "humanist" and "integralist" (I personally would prefer it), but whatever we choose to call these attitudes they affect our world-view as Christians, and they will be argued among us, probably, until the end of time.

"Liberal" and "conservative" or "humanist" and "integralist," there was in the nineteenth century a profound difference in approach to problems of modern culture—including the problem of modern infidelity—between Cardinal Newman and Lord Acton, Pére Lacordaire and Bishop Dupanloup on the one hand, and Cardinal Manning and William George Ward, Louis Veuillot and (yes) Pius IX on the other. Their differences, played out in a new context, have representatives today—and these representatives seem too obvious to name.

In the next century, and the next and the next, the argument will go on. Perhaps we will find better labels for the opposing sides, but the sides themselves will be formed, because they are part of the ageless dialectic of the Christian as he shapes his vocation in a world that is largely hostile to his deepest insights.

Philip Spencer, in the conclusion to his study *Politics of Belief in Nineteenth Century France,* states this brilliantly. He notes that the problem which divided the great Catholics of the last century, the problem of the adaptation of society to religion and of religion to society, did not end with the deaths of Newman or Manning, Lacordaire or Veuillot, Dupanloup or Pius IX. Rather, this problem, with all of its subtleties and ramifications, has to be grappled with afresh in every age: "The problems of intellectual integrity and toleration are part of the eternal paradox of belief. . . . The Church and its acceptance [in the secular society]; fact and faith; the toleration of heresy—such are the points of tension which, continually recreated, vex the original minds of every epoch. . . . So when the curtain rises again, there will be new dramatis personae and another cast; the scene-shifters have been busy and the backcloth has changed; the actors cut unfamiliar postures and use a strange language. To us in the auditorium it all seems very different. But if we attend carefully, we shall see that the plot is much the same."

It is within the context of this plot that the Catholic "liberal-conservative" debate has its real meaning, and its profound necessity—all labels notwithstanding. And it is a debate to which no cut-off date or happy ending can be assigned. WILLIAM CLANCY.

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THE SCREEN

LIFE WITH FATHER

IF EVER a film started out on the wrong foot for me it is "Home Is the Hero," an import from Ireland that opens with a scene in a pub filled with local characters being objectionably "Irish" as they swill liquor, talk with a brogue so thick one can hardly understand the dialogue, and cheer on their muscular hero whose main achievement is being able to lift and throw the other men around. But Paddo, who's quite proud of being known as the Goliath of Galway and winning so many drinks, isn't very bright; when he gets into an argument with one of his smarter companions and feels called upon to assert his strength, he goes too far and accidentally kills the man.

At any point during this opening scene I was ready to walk out on "Home Is the Hero" and leave it to the Abbey Players, whose soft burr, un-Hollywood faces and good acting only added to the realism of the thoughtless brawling. Fortunately I didn't; the rest of the picture is a compassionate study of what happens to a family left to shift for themselves when their irresponsible head is sent to prison for five years and then returns repentant and expecting everything to be the same.

Needless to say, Paddo's wife, son and daughter are all beset with problems: the defeated wife (Eileen Crowe) takes in one of Paddo's drinking cronies (Harry Brogan) and his wife as roomers, and then she turns to the bottle herself; the son (Arthur Kennedy, the only American in the cast), crippled ever since his baby-tossing father dropped him, has difficulty finding a job but finally becomes a shoemaker and as the years pass thoughtfully heads the troubled household; the daughter (Joan O'Hara), at first defeated by the disgrace of having her adored father in prison, begins to hold up her head again and find some self-respect when a local bookie falls in love with her.

This engrossing story becomes even moving when the reformed Paddo comes home determined to push his new puritanism down everyone's throat. The acting by the entire cast in these final scenes is superb, especially in the encounters between Walter Macken, as the father who thinks his word should still be law, and Arthur Kennedy, as the wise son who understands him but who realizes that all is lost unless the father understands himself a little and assumes some dignity. Credit for the success of this stirring film should go to director Fielder Cook, to scriptwriter Henry Keating (who based his screenplay on Walter Macken's original stage play), to the County Wicklow settings well photographed by Stanley Pavey—and of course to a cast whose efforts add up to a fascinating whole, a whole that doesn't necessarily approve of all aspects of troubled man's behavior but pleads for understanding and compassion.

FROM ENGLAND have come a couple of movies, neither of which is a world-beater but both of which have something to offer in their brighter moments. Better than most cops-and-robbers melodramas, "Hell Is a City" is a chase thriller that holds one's interest to the finale—thanks mainly to its good cast and excellent black-and-white photography of Manchester, the city where all hell breaks loose when a convicted robber escapes from prison and leads a couple of his buddies in another stick-up. Val Guest, who wrote the script and directed, threw in a few more clichés and complicated details than were needed, but he moves his story at such a fast pace that the viewer is kept on his toes—and so are the police. Stanley Baker is fine as a detective inspector who's having troubles at home as well as with the vicious criminal, played with sinister ruthlessness by John Crawford. As with so many British films, the supporting roles are well played too. "Hell Is a City" is not for sensitive audiences, but it manages rather effectively to say once again that crime does not pay and that the policeman's lot is not an easy one.

SINCE the satiric "Two Way Stretch" is seen from the point of view of three inmates in Huntleigh Prison, this British comedy also makes it clear that a policeman's life is no bed of roses. Or perhaps it is for some, as the governor of this prison is more concerned with his garden than with discipline. Maurice Denham, in the role of the big-hearted warden, believes in letting his prisoners lead a soft life; and three of his convicts who are cellmates (Peter Sellers, David Lodge and Bernard Cribbins) make the most of their opportunities—lolling in bed and enjoying many luxuries (except freedom) that would be the envy of outsiders. The boys' sybaritic life is curtailed somewhat when a new and overly strict chief officer (Lionel Jeffries) arrives, but it takes no time for our three playful crooks, who are naturally distressed by the change, to put this disciplinarian in his place.

None of this is to be taken seriously as a study of penology, of course, and some of it is downright funny, especially when Wilfred Hyde White, posing as their former minister and mentor, plans their escape for one night so they'll have a perfect alibi while helping him steal a trunkful of diamonds. The staging of this makes it probably the most ingenious robbery ever pulled off in a movie. Although "Two Way Stretch" has some hilarious slapstick and the comedians seem to be enjoying every minute of their silly burlesque, the picture's exaggerations, dull spots, and lapses in taste begin to pall after a while. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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OF NOTE

THE CATHOLIC MINORITY

IN THE WINTER issue of *Thought* (Fordham University Press, 441 East Fordham Rd., New York 58, N.Y.; single copy $1.25, yearly $5) Father Thomas T. McAvoy, C.S.C., of the University of Notre Dame discusses American Catholics as a unique cultural and religious group. An excerpt from his article follows:

By the Civil War the third stage in the development of the Catholic minority had taken place. From a small dominantly English minority of about one per cent of the total population in early English America the Catholic minority had now become a regular church body with an organized hierarchy and numbering three millions or about one-tenth of the population—but with a hierarchy and membership that was no longer dominantly English.

Nevertheless, it must be borne in mind that despite the change in the total organization of the Catholic minority the cultural leadership of this body of Catholics in the United States had remained with the English Catholics and their earlier companions in the country, whether Irish or continental, because these had already become part of the national culture in language, literary tradition, and political and social customs in all that did not impinge on their religious faith. The centers of this cultural group were in Maryland and in Kentucky, where many of the Marylanders had moved shortly after the opening of the West. Already in the Catholic group elements of what was rudely called "a Catholic nativism" had become evident. American Catholics and even Irish of several generations in this country, while resentful of anti-Catholicism, were also quick to insist that there was no conflict between their religious faith and their American political and social heritage and to resent the efforts of Irish or Germans or any others to create a non-American Catholicism in this country.

By the end of the Civil War, most of the Irish Catholics, who no longer planned to return to Ireland, the land of oppression and famine, had endeavored to become American. That all of them had become American in culture and traditions by the 1870's can hardly be maintained, particularly among those who had settled in compact colonies or exclusive districts in the towns. But those Irish who did achieve some higher education, especially the clergy, quickly associated themselves with the Anglo-American Catholic cultural leadership in the work of leading their flocks in post-Civil War America. . . .

But the task of these American and Americanized Irish was not easy, because in their flocks were not only millions of Irish descent who had attained only the beginnings of an American culture and who had no great love for anything English, but already there were also millions of Catholics whose German, Polish and other continental backgrounds were firmly not English. And in some cases not only were these non-English strengthened by clergymen from their former fatherlands, but they were educated only in the languages and cultural traditions of those lands.

To complicate the problem further, Rome, concerned with the lack of traditionally Catholic rules in the growing American Catholic group, had called the American Bishops to Rome in 1883 and directed the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore of the next year in the perfection of the canonical organization and the hierarchical order of the Church in the United States. While not granting to the chief see of Baltimore any primacy in the sense of the national churches of continental Europe, Rome continued to speak to American Catholics through the Archbishop of Baltimore—for most of the last part of the century he was Cardinal Gibbons—and did insist on the formal establishment of provinces, of dioceses and of parishes in the dioceses. The order of appeal from laymen to archbishops in conflict or dispute was set, the nomination of priests for bishoprics, although not their appointment, was arranged and the necessary legislation for the proper growth and improvement of the church organization was established in this Council.

However orderly and necessary was this body of legislation it had little direct connection with the pressing problems of the Catholic faithful. Before this reorganization could function properly, the Catholic minority in the United States was to undergo another period of strife because this canonical organization supposed a more homogeneous religious body than actually existed. For millions of American Catholics the reconciliation of American culture and Catholicism was just begun.

Whether the American bishops of Irish birth and

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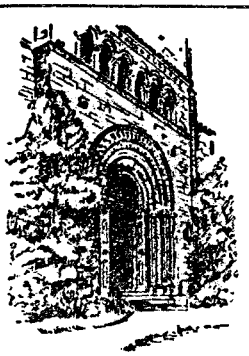

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extraction so prominent in the hierarchy in the 1880's had become really American was open to question, because certainly they were not by ancestry part of the Anglo-American dominant majority of the country. That many of them had actually become American in social and cultural tradition, along with those members of the Catholic clergy who were of English origin such as Bishop John Lancaster Spalding, is quite clear.

Against them in holding aloof from American social and cultural traditions were the large compact groups of other nationalities whose Catholicism had been formed amid languages and customs of other cultural traditions. These felt that the dominant American culture was not Catholic and that these Americanizing Catholic clergymen and laymen were giving up essential Catholic doctrines in accepting American culture. There had been some manifestations of this feeling in the first decades of the nineteenth century when the French and native clergy tried to block the rise of the immigrant Irish to control over the American Catholic organization. The first stage of this newer conflict consisted in the demands from the Germans for foreign-language bishops in the hierarchy and for their own parish organizations to protect the faith of the non-English Catholics in the United States. These demands were rejected by Rome in 1887 at the request of Cardinal Gibbons and the other English and Irish-American Catholic bishops.

The next stage in the discussion included the attempts of these Germans and others of conservative social and political notions to charge the Americanizing bishops with heresy, chiefly of the forbidden religious liberalism of the early nineteenth century. Here again the non-English and non-American group failed to receive approval from Rome. But in the confusion this Americanist controversy spread to France and Italy and became entangled with the European struggles between political conservatism and liberalism. The Pope, then Leo XIII, in his letter *Testem Benevolentiae* of 1899, while exempting American political and civil customs from his condemnation, sheared away from orthodox American Catholicism any tendency to accommodate Catholic doctrine or principle to the religiously liberal and predominantly Protestant United States.

Neither side in this struggle had won a complete victory and the resultant confusion about what was proper and what improper among Catholic leaders who were trying to develop a strong Catholic cultural tradition in the United States was deepened in 1907 by the condemnation of theological modernism. This condemnation in the hands of the zealots seemed to check also those American Catholics who were trying to adapt the Catholic doctrines to modern science and criticism.

Catholicism in the United States since that time can be considered contemporary and can be considered to have entered a fourth stage as a Catholic minority. . . . It is dangerous for a historian to try to talk about contemporary affairs, but since the historical developments which I have been describing have their terminus in the Catholic Church in the United States since World War II, I would like to point out for the first time since the Americanist controversy the American Catholics are now trying again to decide what shall be the proper place of American Catholics in the composite sometimes called American Civilization. The first thing that this Catholic minority must do is to recognize that it is a minority in a good sense, that it is a cultural as well as a religious minority but one without any political aspirations as a group. Secondly, Catholic persons in authority both lay and cleric must begin the evaluation of the present position of Catholics in the United States.

I think the first fact to be understood in that evaluation, one that was recognized by European travelers as early as the 1890's, is that American Catholicism is active, practical, and full of external zeal, like most American efforts. The number of churches, buildings, and the superhuman attempt to maintain a separate school system are clear evidences of this quality of American Catholicism. Secondly, I think it is clear that American Catholicism is very appreciative of American liberty under which Catholics can practice their religion and under which they can also hope to be

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Social leadership in the cultural world of Anglo-America is something that does not arise quickly without generations of preparation and without certain financial aids. Many Catholics lack both. Understandably because of the recent Americanization of so many American Catholics, the Catholic attainments in the field of cultural leadership, in scientific discoveries, and in political and social reforms have not so far been very great in proportion to the number of Catholics. . . .

The cultural achievement of Catholics in the next generation will be in proportion, chiefly, to the present-day efforts and that means the sacrifice of some present comforts for higher things because the financial means of the Catholic minority are not proportionate to their needs. It also requires of American Catholics greater devotion to traditional Catholic ideals in learning and culture while seeking at least equality in those things of mind and body which American democracy has made possible. American Catholicism must work out the reconciliation of Catholicism and the American tradition, bringing to American democracy at the same time the fullness of life, the theological and sacramental faith and grace of Catholic Christianity.

BOOKS

A Novel from the World of Modern Beatdom

HER. By Lawrence Ferlinghetti. New Directions. $3.

By MARTIN TUCKER

IF ANYBODY is going to read Ferlinghetti's first published novel other than his obvious followers and the pornography-seekers (who will be disappointed), it will be for his sentimental lyricism. Ferlinghetti is good at apotheosizing woman; he is even better at describing the memory of her beauty or the loss of her innocence, and he laments such losses with tender pain for an inordinate number of pages. Such devotion to a theme often leads to excess, and excess, as Blake has said, helps a man to stumble into the path of wisdom. The difficulty is that the stumbling, aside from its lack of grace, is often repetitious and dull.

This is the main trouble with *Her*. What starts out as a clever idea becomes onerous, merely a trick, a literary convention. A man in search of his identity wanders through the streets of Paris. His search begins one morning on the Rue du Cherche Midi (the street of the noon search), continues onto the Rue Vaugirard, the longest street in Paris, and ends at night as the hero, his search of the streets complete, enters into his subconscious. Like Molly Bloom, his life passes before him in a kaleidoscope as he is about to fall asleep, and he thinks of all the women he's known. Ferlinghetti's last chapter (the book is divided into three parts) is patterned after the Molly Bloom finale in *Ulysses*—he is giving the man's YES to life; he is offering sexual ecstasy and universal orgasm as hosannahs to life.

The hero however is not merely Joycean. He is also a middle-aged Dante, an action painter "having an orgasm in paint," and in addition he makes references to Proust's *madeleine,* Hemingway's *nada,* Eliot's "because I believe," Wordsworth's clouds of glory, Mann's magic mountain, Hogg's justified sinning, the rust in the Rodin museum, the river Styx, Hugo, Villon and grade B movies. The references, or the profusion of them, spoil the book, for they reveal a literary pretentiousness. Even the puns, not rooted in the context of the novel, are haphazard and irrelevant. Far from giving a wild gustiness, these allusions ("Felonious Monk," "I had B.O. of the soul," "Mona Lisa is no more than the expression of a moaning leisure") make the author appear a sentimental adolescent dangling shibboleths and in-group jokes.

Sentimentality lies at the core of Ferlinghetti, both when he succeeds and when he fails. In his non-parochial religious poetry he has created much controversy by paralleling the Beat orgasmic effusion with the Christian ecstasy. In this novel, he continues with the same theme: he is calling for a fourth person singular, a "madman" who will complete the life cycle through an explosion of feeling and union with a woman ("A voice among the trees was calling. . . . A phallic voice beyond the world, above, beyond the trees, a hidden brilliance").

His "madman" is the sexually adequate male, the man who does not let society destroy his sexuality. These are Ferlinghetti's terms, stated in the opening paragraph: "I was bearing a white phallus through the wood of the world, I was looking for a place to plunge it, a place to surrender it." Almost every image after that is self-consciously sexual, and if Ferlinghetti does not wallow in his phallically inspired prose, he loses no opportunity to repeat such words as penis, phallus and breast. His theme is the old Beat theme that man is hiding from his soul, and he puts again the heart over the head. But of what value besides a shocking substitution is his prose and viewpoint? It is all a very pretty picture, and a pretty juvenile, pseudo-literary one also. Either Ferlinghetti is following a literary convention, exploiting the Beat position of sex-is-all-Man-you-gotta-feel-deeply, in which case his book is derivative (and the literary language tends to support this suspicion), or he is sincere, in which case the pose has become the

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man, and there is no longer any scale of reference to his work except complete adherence or denial.

I suspect the former is the truth, because in spite of some fine passages and many individually striking poetic lines, the novel lacks vitality. The images are not of man but of Literature, and wrenched from everywhere, they appear to be groping to fit into a new home. Ferlinghetti's troubled man derives more substance from Joyce and Dante than he does from any real-life, modern counterpart.

In his last chapter, Ferlinghetti explains his title. "Her" is the object of his search, while "he" is the subject. Such syntactical reasoning again illustrates the thinness of his effort. The grammar of allegory and symbolism is not the same as Pronoun Reference Textual notes. Beat literature, which has veered between paeans to religio-sexual feelings, and pains about sex, is going to be judged again on this novel by one of its leading spokesmen. And on this basis modern Beatdom, I think, has laid an egg.

A Developing Poet

GHOSTS OF THE HEART. By John Logan. University of Chicago Press. $2.75.

By SAMUEL HAZO

FEW TASKS are as difficult as reviewing the second book of a poet who has already written a good first one. One must resist the temptation to measure the second by the first whether to praise or appraise. Primarily, there must be a concern with the new book in its own literary right and only secondarily a regard for how it preserves the continuity of the poet's talent.

John Logan's first book, *A Cycle for Mother Cabrini,* contained beautiful examples of mid-century psalmody together with lyrics of childhood reminiscence. His second book, *Ghosts of the Heart,* includes a number of narrative poems, a section of personal and descriptive lyrics (these extremely well realized), a greater variety of poetic subject matter (from Rimbaud and Heine to a trip home in a Capital Viscount) and the same high virtuosity.

Evident in all the poems without exception is Logan's Blakean ability to see through rather than with the eye. The imagery is always translucently in focus, as in the final verse of "Byron at Shelley's Burning" ("But Byron's brain could not/Foresee how *he* would die/In Greece, his blood ebbing/Into his eye out of a drunken leech.") There is the same honing in lines from "Shore Scene" ("A yellow jacket stung me on the tongue./I knelt to spoon and suck the healing sea") and in the free verse of "A Trip to Four or Five Towns" ("I sweat with shock, with havoc/of the kindred kinds of time,/trembling like a man away from home.")

Meditating on all of these poems I could not help but feel that Logan's principal talent is his lyricism with imagery and his almost cinematographic ability to realize this in his poems. This is the crux of my praise of this book and simultaneously the basis for my reservation about a few of the narrative poems. The narratives that are told scenically or anecdotally ("The Lives of the Poet," "A Century Piece for Poor Heine," "Achilles and the King," "Shore Scene" and "A Trip to Four or Five Towns") preserve the music and drama that are at the heart of Logan's talent. Essentially they are lyrics with a narrative dimension. But the narratives that rely on the more customary devices of transition, setting and atmosphere tend to move away from the sense of song and immediacy that vivify the other poems.

Poems like "New York Scene: May 1958," "Concert Scene" and "The Picnic" are valid poems, but they do not "explode," to borrow Hopkins' ringing verb, upon the consciousness. The imagery is there, the metrical versatility is there, the soft and effective cymbaling of alliteration and half-rhymes is there, but the poems burn less brightly at their cores. It is for this reason that "The Monument and the Shrine" and "A Trip to Four or Five Towns" strike

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me as more perfect and more Loganesque poems than "Honolulu and Back," though the latter is more searching in scope and though individual sections of this ambitious poem are stirring and indeed most beautiful.

The line of John Logan's talent from *A Cycle for Mother Cabrini* to *Ghosts of the Heart* is a sure and ascending one. Granted, the religious subjects are less numerous, but I take that as a sign of expansion rather than constriction of talent. Logan himself has claimed that this is because he has come to think "poetry itself more religious," and the poems of his new book validate this. A growing poet has to move beyond the mysterious frontiers of his own talent, to probe, to try, to find the waiting emancipations, to create new letters for his personal alphabet. John Logan is such a poet, and his new book offers quest and endeavor and bravery in every line.

Prize-Winner

VANGEL GRIFFIN. By Herbert Lobsenz. Harper. $4.50.

By THOMAS P. MC DONNELL

THIS HARPER prize-novel for 1961 happens also to be the first novel of its author, Herbert Lobsenz. It has the qualities of seeming freshness and vigor with which any panel of awarding judges might well become enamored. The style, slicked with long stretches of Hemingway-dialogue, is generally professional and accomplished. A flair for the dramatic imagination is clearly evident. The narrative motion, except for a few set pieces which could be removed without structural disaster, is swift and unimpeded. Yet *Vangel Griffin,* considered on the hard merits of the novel qua thematic idea, does not quite come off.

For here again we have the American innocent in flight from home and homeland. Vangel Griffin, "a mass-produced member of the middle middle-class," leaves his "bright-young-college-girl" wife (the emancipated American female) and goes to Madrid to seek some reason for living. On being asked why he is going away, Vangel echoes Ishmael: "Oh, I think a man ought to see a bit of the world before he dies." Secretly, however, he has made a suicide pact with himself, although half-seriously, with a year of grace to find salvation. But in Madrid he enters an almost purely surrealistic existence and comes out in the end with the aphoristic key to salvation: ". . . one man can tell two men, two men can tell four men, and someday . . . a chain reaction of reason may sweep throughout the world." Rationalism and the new enlightenment will save us all.

Considering *Vangel Griffin,* then, it is with some justice that its genre has become fair game for the Freudian explorations of critics like Leslie Fiedler. For the American novel has emerged more as an archetypal Case History than the individual and responsible work of the creative imagination. We do not have, as Terry Southern noted in a recent issue of *Nation,* that European disposition of mind which affirms the novel as dramatic presentation of philosophical idea. We do not have a single novelist of first-rate intellectual stature—no one whom we could have compared to Camus or Pasternak, or who can now stand with Silone or Mauriac. Instead we have self-lacerating fictionists, intuitive innocents who merely re-indulge the traumatic experience of nostalgia, but whose chief claim to attention ought to be seen in their complete disregard for the honest preparation of craft.

It is hoped that these are more than editorializing remarks, that they are relevant to the problem at hand. As to Vangel Griffin (the implied "angel"), he may or may not attain his salvation by the means he has "chosen." There is no conviction either way. Consequently, we must leave with Mr. Lobsenz himself that ultimate cliché for first novels—it contains the possibilities of future achievement, but only if committed to something more than the tantrum-wisdom of the American innocent.

Cadre Training

THE MOULDING OF COMMUNISTS. By Frank S. Meyer. Harcourt. $5.

By THOMAS MOLNAR

MR. FRANK MEYER is one of the very few ex-Communists who broke not only with the Party, not only with Marxist-Leninist ideology, but with the whole poisonous uptopianism which underlies Communism. Thus there is no trace in his thinking of that nostalgia which gnaws at the ideological entrails of an Arthur Koestler or a Tibor Meray, and no secretly entertained vision of a "purified" Communist society, purged of the Stalins and the Rakosis. On the contrary: he has gone to the intellectual and theological roots of Marxism, vomited up its black seeds, and returned perfectly sane.

We could expect that his experience might have made Mr. Meyer self-righteous, or that he might have wished to write a super-*Darkness at Noon,* or a super-*Witness.* Neither is the case. Although he was a leading official of the Communist parties in the United States and in England, his present book is not the narration or the half-fictional transposition of his personal experiences, but a dispassionate study of Communist theory *as applied* to the education of the Communist man.

The sub-title of the book is "The training of the Communist cadre," and the author keeps this all-important subject consistently in mind. For it is not the coming and going waves of rank-and-file Communists which supply world Communism its driving force, in other words, not the "masses" to whom Communist literature so profusely refers, but the specially trained, highly disciplined élite. Following this training step by step, Mr. Meyer deals with its ideological, psychological and organizational aspects, until the goal is reached: "the transformation of the total personality."

Of course, every faith and religious system rests, in its outward existence, on a "cadre," devoted and militant. In fact, Communism as a

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system of belief has adopted for its leaders the same features as organized Churches have, especially the Catholic Church. As Mr. Meyer points out, the Communist movement is ready to recruit anybody anywhere, and the members of the cadre may be called upon to organize in any part of the globe a secret study group, an activist cell, an underground party, a job of infiltrating unions, Churches or youth groups.

Such universality of action requires an unparalleled cohesion and unity of purpose. More than that, it requires a philosophical system in which all answers are given to all possible questions, answers which much satisfy here a sophisticated lady, there a tough dock worker, an Englishman, a Chinese, a jungle dweller.

The molding of the Communist cadre consists, perhaps principally, of successive phases of isolating the candidate from his former life and former self, while making use, at the same time, of his special talents, connections, psychological traits. Thus one by one each element of his former personality and interests is transformed, until he is so completely enmeshed in his new rapports that the result is, for all intents and purposes, a distinctly new existence.

Mr. Meyer gives several examples of how candidates are processed—by party school, "friends," superiors in the hierarchy, co-workers—so that every one of their experiences takes on a new coloration under a pressure which may be gentle or brutal, under persuasion, blackmail or brainwashing.

It is interesting to note that all stages of cadre formation mix elasticity and harshness. The recruit's first experiences are rather casual—he is taken under the wing of someone whom he knows well and trusts; but soon he meets the most brutal interrogation and grilling by fellow-members of the party-unit who take apart, thread by thread, the fabric of his life, personality, background and opinions. Once this is done, it is relatively easy for him to make a complete self-criticism and develop—gradually—the readiness to interpret the events of the world according to the partyline, even when the latter takes some vertiginous swerve.

The pressure, if anything, is harder at the highest stages of cadre training. The cadre school has even less relaxed fellowship than the lower echelons: here Communist vigilance is a duty imposed by the doctrine, and the inmates are under constant criticism and "evaluation." "Some of them," write Aczel and Meray in *The Revolt of the Mind,* "were so badly 'manhandled' by their fellow students that they walked in a daze for weeks." Those who survive this total treatment for years are tough, devoted and, above all, living not their own life but the Party's. They have been the strategists and the tacticians of the Communist conquests of the last forty years.

Meyer's book, next to A. Rossi's volumes on the French Communist Party, brings much indispensable material to the study of Communist mentality and party structure. He draws on a wide variety of American and foreign sources, and on personal acquaintance with many leaders of world Communism. Not the least importance of his work is that it does not appeal to emotions and drama. Yet this anatomy of Communism indicts the movement more definitively than any harrowing description of Soviet slave-labor camps.

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